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Death and Assumption of Mary

Mary, thy heart for love
Alone had ever sighed;
So much it loved, at length
Of very love it died.

Oh happy, happy death!
If death indeed could be,
Blest Virgin, that sweet end
Which God bestowed on thee!

'Tis in a sweet repose,
With smile of heavenly mirth,
Thou takest joyful flight
To paradise from earth.

Then speed thee, Mother mine,
Though speeds my life from me;
Haste where thy Son awaits,
And heaven welcomes thee.

Oh, that my life could end,
Sweet Mother, now with thine,
That I might soar to heaven,
Where all thy glories shine.

Thrice fortunate, my soul,
Yea, lot supremely blest,
To reach thy Mother's throne,
And at her feet to rest.

But see, above the choirs
Of saints and angels bright,
God's Mother near her Son,
Enthroned in dazzling light.

Come then, to fetch thy child,
O Mary, Mother dear!
And tarry by my side
When my last hour is near.

Yes, this I hope from thee—
Despise not my request,
To yield my soul in peace
Upon my Mother's breast.

—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

FATHER TIM CASEY.

"Angels and Ministers of grace defend us," cried Father Casey; "wonders will never cease!"

Agnes and Mary Hanretty were coming up the walk to the rectory, an event which was nothing so very unusual, since they were both active officers in the Sodality of the Children of Mary; but right at their heels was Robert Doolin wheeling a baby carriage, and this was the sight which, had he not, thanks to his abstemious habits, a healthy heart, might have given a fatal "shock" to Father Casey.

St. Robert was the patron chosen for this young scion of the Doolin clan on the day of his Baptism, but friend and foe knew the golden-haired youth by no other name than "Red" Doolin. Twelve-year-old "Red" Doolin was truly a "brand plucked from the burning." He had gloried in being the leader of the toughest gang of juveniles on Ferry Street until he was brought, closely guarded by his mother, to be enrolled in Father Casey's First Communion class. From his first meeting with Father Casey "Red's" conversion had been complete. He broke off all connection with his former disreputable companions and, figuratively speaking, burned his bridges behind him by picking a fight with the most daring of his quondam chums and ignominiously pounding him in the presence of the gang. It would be contrary to fact to say that "Red" instantaneously became as refined in speech, manner, and appearance as a St. Aloysius, but his heart was thoroughly good. He gave up absolutely Mass-missing, bad language, truancy, and cigarettes, quit tantalizing Beppo, the banana-man, and almost always succeeded in passing by the Ferry Street laundry without knocking over the sign or making grimaces at the Chinaman. The boys' Communion Sunday never saw him absent, and the way he worked at his battered prayer book during Mass and preparation for Confession showed that "Red" was there for business. The early Church never produced a more staunch defender of the Faith than he; he longed to shed his blood for the cause, and, in spite of Father Casey's repeated explanations, he was only half convinced that an emphatic and carefully-worded abjuration of heresy, made before the Protestant gang across the tracks, would not bring him the martyr's crown. After giving all these facts due consideration we shall be better able to

understand why nothing but his perfect health saved Father Casey from a "stroke" when he saw "Red" Doolin wheeling a perambulator behind two pious girls.

"Good afternoon, Robert; good afternoon, girls," said the Priest a few minutes later after the housekeeper had called him to the parlor to meet the strange delegation. "What can I do for you today?"

Silence! The girls looked at "Red"; "Red" looked at the girls, and still silence! The case was growing in interest. Thinking that there was the most probability of obtaining an unvarnished statement from "Red," the Priest made a combined attack upon that quarter.

"Come, Robert, out with it! The cat has run away with the tongue of these girls, and, unless you speak up, they will sit here all afternoon like dummies."

Robert gave his greasy cap, which bore a faded inscription about "Golden Rod Flour," a vicious twist, and finally blurted out:

"Fader, we want to get dis kid—dis *child* christened."

"I did not know that there was a baby in your house, Robert," said Father Casey.

"It ain't ours; it belongs to de lady upstairs."

"They're Prodestans," supplied Mary, the younger of the two little girls.

"What," cried Father Casey, "the Protestants upstairs sent you children here to have their baby baptized a Catholic?"

"Dey didn't send us; dey don't know nuthin about it; you see, Fader," "Red" explained, "dey went to the Odd Fellers' uxcursion today and left de kid with my mudder, and I waited till he began to holler, and den I told my mudder I'd wheel him around de park for awhile."

Father Casey wondered that Mrs. Doolin had not sent straightway for the doctor to test her son's sanity when "Red" had made this astounding offer.

"And 'Red' climbed over our back fence," supplied Agnes, "and said he was going to come up here and have the baby christened so that it would be taken out of the power of the devil and made a child of God and an heir to the kingdom of heaven like you said in the First Communion class. And he asked me to come along and be God-mother."

"And Agnes was afraid to go alone, so I came too," added Mary.

"Children, children," laughed Father Casey, "do you want to be arrested for kidnapping? And besides, don't you know that, as a rule, the Church does not allow us to baptize a healthy Protestant baby unless its parents consent?"

"Why, Father," said Agnes, "mamma told us that when she was a girl a baby died in the Protestant family where she was working, and the Priest told her that she had committed a great sin by not baptizing it."

"Oh, that's quite another thing, Agnes. When a child is in danger of death, then, no matter whether the parents are Protestants or infidels, no matter whether they consent or do not consent, you would commit the worst kind of a mortal sin by neglecting to baptize it if you had the chance; for if that baby should die unbaptized, it would be excluded from heaven forever, and you would be responsible."

"But, Father," said Mary, "if the baby was dying its mamma would be at home, and she wouldn't let you baptize it."

"Why, Mary, I'm surprised at you," said Father Casey, "couldn't you dip a cloth in lukewarm water and pretend that you were wiping the baby's face and then squeeze the cloth so that a few drops of water would fall on the baby's head and then say quietly at the same time, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost'? No one need hear you, yet the baby would be validly baptized, and if it died it would straightway become a little angel in heaven where it would thank you and pray for you as long as you live."

"Well, dis kid's not dyin'," said "Red", looking regretfully at the plump arms and rosy cheeks of the occupant of his perambulator, "so I guess we can't have him christened." And the "Ferry Street Terror" unlimbered the greasy cap with the faded legend about "Golden Rod Flour" and brought it down on his carrotty head like a candle extinguisher.

"But, Father," said Mary, "why can't you baptize a Protestant baby and make it a little angel even if it isn't dying?"

"Red" squirmed uneasily in his chair. His time was too precious to be taken up with theological discussions. Nothing but the prompt and summary salvation of this baby's soul would justify him in spending an afternoon away from his constituents. And now since the baby's exasperatingly good health prevented him from effecting its

salvation in the way he had planned, his only desire was to escape from the Priest's house as soon as those unsufferable girls would stop asking questions. He now heartily regretted that he had not gone to the river with his pals and left the baby to squall itself tired for his mother's delectation.

"The reason why we may not, as a rule, baptize the child of non-Catholic parents except in danger of death," said Father Casey, apparently unconscious of "Red's" uneasiness, "is because such a child would generally be brought up in heresy or infidelity. A sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ is a divine thing—one of the most sacred things ever created by Almighty God, therefore it must be treated with reverence. But it would show a lack of reverence to give a sacrament to one who would derive no benefit from it, who would, as soon as he realized that he had received it, despise and mock it. Furthermore, the sacrament of Baptism enrolls one a member of the Catholic Church and makes him subject to her laws. But it would be irreverent to enroll as a member of the Church one who would hate her and despise her laws."

"Then you could baptize a Protestant baby," said Agnes, "if its papa and mamma would let it be a Catholic!"

"Yes," replied Father Casey, "we may always baptize the child of non-Catholic parents when they consent to the Baptism and promise to permit the child to be brought up a Catholic, on condition some provisions are made to insure the fulfilment of this promise."

"How could you do that, Father," asked Mary.

"By appointing a good Catholic sponsor who would see to the Catholic education of the child, or by placing it under the special care of some good Catholic relative or friend."

"What if the papa is a Protestant and the mamma a Catholic?"

Another question! "Red" was in agony. It is well that his greasy cap was made of durable material else the flour advertisement would have been twisted in two.

"If one parent is a Catholic and the other a non-Catholic and the Catholic parent asks to have the child baptized, we must baptize it. But if, as often happens in mixed marriages, the Catholic parent becomes so lukewarm that he or she does not care whether the child is baptized or not, it is not so easy to decide what should be done; all depends on how much chance the child will have of being brought up

a Catholic. In fact, children, this is the best test for all cases. If you have any difficulty in remembering what I have told you, then apply this general rule, and you will practically always be safe: Whenever there is any hope that a child will be brought up a Catholic, then have it baptized whether its parents are Catholics or non-Catholics, only take care not to stir up any trouble that would result in the loss of souls. If, on the other hand, there is no hope whatever that a baby will be brought up a Catholic, then do not have it baptized unless it is in danger of death. You know, of course," added the Priest, "that all that I have said refers only to children that have not yet reached the age of reason."

"And what would you do with a child that had already reached the age of reason?" queried Agnes.

"Red" could endure the agony no longer. He was willing to suffer a great deal rather than to appear, even in the slightest degree, impolite in the presence of Father Casey, but this was more than flesh and blood could bear.

"Fader, I guess I'd better take de kid home, since," added the disappointed missionary in a tone of infinite disgust, "dere's nuthin' doin'."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE

STATEMENT OF THE CASE

Penelope and Julia are cousins. They have kept up continual epistolary correspondence since childhood, but they never met until this summer, when Penelope made the thousand-mile trip from her home in Philadelphia to spend vacation on the farm with Julia. Penelope was not in the house an hour before she was mysteriously led by Julia to the latter's room and there shown an important document, stating that the aforesaid Miss Julia and a rich neighbor's son, named Sylvester, had contracted an engagement in the presence of the parish Priest. From that time forward "Sylvester" was an inexhaustable topic of conversation for the cousins. Julia presented her hero to Penelope and begged her to entertain him with all her city arts. So well did this young lady succeed that Sylvester, unknown to himself, began to prefer the witty, vivacious Penelope to the more staid and earnest Julia. The

city girl marked this and was glad. She brought all her charms to bear upon the young man until he capitulated. One evening while Julia was in the house making tea, he proposed. It was only then that the thought of what she had done came home to Penelope with full force. She had at least the good manners to postpone her answer. Now she asks whether it will be sinful for her to say "Yes".

SOLUTION OF THE CASE.

I. *The Law.* An engagement is a contract. This contract is bilateral, that is, both parties to the contract take obligations of justice upon themselves. Like every other contract in order to be valid, it must have the essential qualities required by both the natural and the positive law. The natural law requires a free deliberate promise of a future marriage. The positive law, since Easter Sunday, 1908, requires that this promise be made in writing and signed by the Parish Priest or two witnesses. I speak only of the qualities required by the Church, for God's Church is the only power on earth that can make laws concerning the validity of a Christian engagement. The contract of engagement binds like a contract of sale, a contract of lease, or any other bilateral contract, that is, if one party fail against one of the obligations which the contract imposes, and before it has been lawfully annulled, he is guilty of a sin against justice. We therefore ask: *first*, what are the obligations imposed by the contract of engagement? *Second*, how is this contract lawfully cancelled?

The obligations of this contract are: 1) to marry the betrothed within a reasonable time; 2) not to carry on a courtship with anyone else with the absolute intention of marriage; 3) not to contract an unconditional engagement (and much less a marriage) with any one else; 4) not to take any steps that would render the marriage impossible; 5) not to be guilty of infidelity towards the betrothed (there is probability that this last obligation does not bind in justice).

The contract of engagement is lawfully cancelled: 1) by free mutual consent; 2) by marriage with some third person; 3) by a prohibitive or diriment impediment to matrimony; 4) by ordination to the holy Priesthood, religious profession, or a vow of perpetual chastity in the world; (every promise of marriage is made with the implied condition, "provided I do not choose a state of higher Christian perfection"); 5) a grave crime, such as heresy, apostasy, or fornication; 6) when one party departs, without the consent of the other, for a long sojourn in a

distant country; 7) when they agreed to marry within a certain time or not at all, and the stipulated time has transpired without either party urging the fulfilment of the promise.

II. *Application of the law.* The contract of engagement between Sylvester and Julia was valid for they complied with the requirements of both the natural and positive law. If Sylvester's intention was to contract an absolute engagement with Penelope, in spite of his previous engagement with Julia, he was guilty of a mortal sin against justice, for he failed against one of the obligations induced by that previous engagement. If Penelope accepts him, she will be guilty of the same sin for she helps him to commit it. Furthermore, this second engagement will be null and void for, until his engagement with Julia is lawfully cancelled, it will be sinful for him to marry Penelope, and no one can bind himself by a promise to do what is sinful.

On the other hand, if the engagement is not absolute but subject to the condition that Julia freely renounce her right, then neither Sylvester nor Penelope sin against justice. I say, they do not sin against justice; nevertheless it seems that Penelope sins mortally against charity, for she abuses the confidence and hospitality of Julia; she subjects Julia, whose engagement is already more or less public, to a grave humiliation; the loss she inflicts on Julia is far greater than her own gain, for Julia's love for Sylvester seems to be far greater than her own. This holds in spite of the fact that Julia consents to break the engagement, for it is Penelope that causes Sylvester to ask her consent, and Julia is too high-minded to refuse when Sylvester tells her that he loves another.

III. *A bit of advice.* The right and honorable thing for Penelope to do is to repair, as far as she can, the evil she has done to her cousin. When Sylvester comes for his answer she should refuse him point blank and tell him decisively that everything is over between them. Next, she should find a pretext for returning at once to Philadelphia; her further presence in Julia's home will only increase the difficulties. Lastly, after returning to Philadelphia, she should absolutely avoid all correspondence with Sylvester. If she acts in this way there is every reason to expect that Sylvester will forget his passing infatuation and regain his old-time love for the faithful Julia. Thus Penelope will avoid sin and have the satisfaction of having done her duty. On the other hand, if she marries Sylvester she will offend God thereby, she

will lose the friendship of her cousin, there is great probability that she, who has been raised in the city, will never be happy on the farm and will fail to be a helpful wife to her farmer husband.

PROCEDURE IN COURT.

A Bible Study.

In reading the history of Our Lord's suffering and death, we often wonder how much was done legally and how much was done in spite of the law. Let us cast a hasty glance at the law as it stood in Scripture and custom.

Time. We learn from the Talmud that the lower courts held regular sessions on Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Though this is not expressly stated about the Sanhedrim, many authors apply it so. Surely it could be summoned by the President whenever occasion demanded. It remained in session from the morning sacrifice till the hour of evening sacrifice. More details are given about the time when assemblies were illegal. Thus in the treatise on the Lesser Feasts it is enacted: "Let them not judge on a feast day, nor on the eves of Sabbaths or feast days." Another important direction informs us that: "In money matters, they may discuss the case in daytime and come to a decision at night; but in trials for life, both the discussion and the verdict demand daylight. Furthermore, civil causes may be fully disposed of within a single day, whether for condemnation or acquittal. But trials for life, may be ended in one day only when they issue in acquittal. Should the verdict be a death-sentence, then all must await the following day."

Place. According to a remark in the book of Judges V, 10, it was usual then that judges journeyed from place to place. As a rule, however, they held their sessions in the city gates, where many witnesses could be secured. In the First Book of the Machabees we read (XIV, 9); "The Ancients sat all in the streets, and treated together of the good things of the land." These ancients are the judges, and the meetingplace indicated seems to be the market. In the days of Christ, the lower courts may have transacted their affairs in the synagogues, as we surmise from the warning of Christ to His apostles: "They will deliver you up in councils, and scourge you in their synagogues." Mt. X, 17. The meetings of the greater Sanhedrim were held in one of

the halls of the temple buildings, called "Lishkath Haggazith". Though this hall is so often named in Jewish records, still its precise location remains an open question. The temple was an immense structure, containing many open courts, divided by halls and porches. The Talmud describes the council hall thus; "The Lishkath Haggazith was a sort of basilica; half of it reached into the Holy Place, and half extended into the outer court. Two doors led into it; one opening into the Holy Place, the other into the outer court." Another passage enumerates the halls around the Temple proper, and says that the council hall lay to the south of it, probably in the ring of halls and apartments surrounding the inner court and the court of the priests. The word "gazith" means "hewn stones". It seems highly improbable that this term should distinguish it from the other halls by reason of the material designated, because Herod had refitted all the buildings with a splendid profusion of marbles and polished stones. More probably the name is due to the fact that this hall was connected by a bridge spanning the valley of the Tyropoean with the Xystos. This Xystos was the great place of concourse for all classes of people in the Holy City. Another tradition informs us that the Sanhedrim transferred its place of meeting from the Lashkath Haggazith to a place called "Chanuth", about forty years before the fall of the city. This interests us, because it must have happened in the days of Christ. The word "Chanuth" means "booth" or "shop" or "vault". Some think that it was located on Mount Olivet, and that our Lord was brought hither on his way to the palace of Caiphas. Others point to the hill just south of Jerusalem, called the hill of Evil Council, in memory of the fact that here was hatched the plot to put our Lord to death. Here the villa of Annas may have stood. But this tradition is no older than the fourteenth century, and may thus be dismissed. Others locate it in the outermost inclosure of the spacious temple area. This inclosure consisted of high porticos, and in some parts, of vast halls. It surrounded the court of the Gentiles. Here probably were the booths from which our Lord drove the buyers and sellers. Here too may have been the smaller synagogue in which He appeared as a boy of twelve years. Here too may have been the hall which served as assembly hall for one of the committees or departments of the Sanhedrim. At a later period we see that occasional sessions were again held in the hall of Gazith.

Persons. At the western end of the hall was the place of honor, occupied by the President. On his right sat an official called "Father of the House of Judgment". This was the Vice-president. The judges of the Sanhedrim then sat around in a semi-circle, facing each other. Two scribes stood before them, one upon the right and the other upon the left; one was to note the opinions or votes for acquittal and the other, those for sentence. In front of all sat three rows of disciples of the learned Doctors. Each had a special seat assigned to him. The defendant must appear in humble attitude, wearing black garments in sign of mourning. This we gather from Josephus, who tells us that Herod, when summoned to answer for his conduct in Galilee, presented himself in full armor. Then Sameas arose and severely denounced him for thus violating law and custom. The presence of the defendant was required by law, as we learn from the generous conduct of Nicodemus described in John VII, 45-53. There the Chief-priests and Pharisees meet and bitterly censure the police who could not arrest Our Lord. Nicodemus interposes: "Doth our law judge any man unless it first hear him and know what he doth?" Some also affirm that a counsel called "Baal-Rib" was appointed to see that all possible was done for his acquittal. At any rate the defence of those unjustly accused, especially when poor and orphans, is often praised. A familiar example in point is that of Daniel rescuing Susanna.

Preliminary. At least two witnesses were required and, of course, their testimony must be in perfect agreement. Many persons were excluded by law: gamblers, usurers, near relatives. We notice especially this passage: "An intimate friend as well as a pronounced enemy is also disqualified. . . . Who is considered a pronounced enemy? The one who has not spoken to him for three days because of animosity." This is further explained: "The children of Israel are not suspected of witnessing falsely because of animosity." The law continues: "How were the witnesses examined? They were brought into separate chambers and were frightened to tell the truth. . . . If the testimonies correspond, the court discusses the case." Further on we read: "How were the witnesses awe-struck in criminal cases? They were brought in and warned: perhaps your testimony is based only on a supposition, or on hearsay, or on that of another witness, or you have it only from some trustworthy man; or perhaps you are not aware that finally we will investigate the matter by examination and cross-exami-

nation. Remember also what an immense difference there is between civil and criminal cases. In civil cases the damage is easily repaired. But in criminal cases the blood of the man executed clings to the originator of his execution."

Discussion. The order to be observed in the discussion is regulated as follows: "What difference is there between civil and criminal cases? a) In civil cases the discussion may commence either with the accusation or the defence, while criminal cases must commence with the defence and not with the accusation. b) In the former case all may be decided by a single voice for acquittal or condemnation; while in the latter he is acquitted by one voice majority, but at least two are needed for condemnation. c) In the former case a judge who once pronounces his opinion for either side may change it on further reflection. But in the latter, the judge who once expressed his vote may change it only for acquittal, but not for condemnation. d) In the former the whole court may vote as one for acquittal or sentence. But in the latter all may unite for release, but it is not allowed for all to accuse." Again we read: "In case a disciple of the defendant offers evidence in his favor he must be listened to; but if he speak against him, he must be silenced. . . . If the judges find good reason to acquit the defendant, they must release him immediately; if not, the trial must be postponed till the morrow. The judges then go out in pairs, and eat something—not much; but are not allowed to drink wine on that entire day. They continue their discussion (outside the court) all night; next day they return to the court-room early in the morning. Votes are again taken and if they favor release it must be granted immediately." The voting began from the youngest member, each one standing up in his turn. "If thirty-six acquit and thirty-five condemn, he is acquitted. But if thirty-six condemn and thirty-five acquit, the discussion is to be prolonged till one of the accusers is won over to the side of those who vote to free the defendant." A change of opinion from release to condemnation was prohibited. In another passage we are informed: "Traps are laid for none but such as seek to seduce others from the true religion. A candle is lighted in the inner room where the prisoner is kept. The witnesses hide away in an outer chamber whence they can see and hear all—but are not seen themselves. Then one of those whom the prisoner had seduced approaches him and asks: "Now please repeat all you said before." If he repeat it, then

the questioner asks again: "But how can we abandon our God in heaven and worship idols? Should the prisoner come to his senses and repent, then all is well with him. But if he prove obstinate and persist: 'Nevertheless we must do so'; then the witnesses rush in and take him to the house of Judgment and he must be stoned."

From this hasty sketch we see that the theory of the law was most humane and all provisions were made to secure the release of the defendant. Still it is easy to see how all of this was only a dead letter in the trial of Our Lord. And Josephus shows that His was not the only case of legal murder. He describes the reign of terror inaugurated by the Zealots. They treated the people as a "herd of animals" placed at their mercy. Young men and old were imprisoned, scourged, butchered. Such was the fear they inspired that none dared to mourn or bury even their nearest kin. Then, detested for their slaughters, they sought to mask their cruelties under the cloak of legal procedure. Thus, for example, they wanted to do away with a certain Zachary, the son of Baruch. He was wealthy and they feared his influence. So they chose seventy men of the populace, without any legitimate authority. Before this show-court they accused this victim of treachery. But the Judges selected refused to pass sentence where innocence was so clear. The Zealots seize on him, shout that they themselves know how to vote and sentence; they kill him and throw the corpse over the battlements of the Temple.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

HOW NANKEE BECAME A YANKEE

Nankee was a Chinese girl born in Borneo. She had neither father nor mother to claim her, yet she was entitled to both, for she did not belong in the same class with the famous *Topsy*, who, if we recall, "just growed". Nankee had made her debut in the presence of two Chinese people, a man and a woman, who did not want to see her around.

Had Nankee been a boy, she would have received a welcome, but as a girl, she would not be worth keeping, because she could never earn anything for the family. Besides, a little pig had arrived just before Nankee's birth, and there would not be enough to feed both newcomers. The pig would be more useful and it was decided to get rid of Nankee.

So, about two weeks after the little girl came into the world, the mother sent down to the Catholic priest, who lived on the road to Sandakan, and offered him the child, if he would pay what it had cost to keep her since her birth.

The case was not a new one for Father Roosen and he expressed no surprise. Had the offer come a few hours earlier, he would have been puzzled to know what to do. That morning, however, he had received some Mass stipends from his old friend, Father Van Dusan, who was helping out at the newly founded Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, and as his purse was fat for a change, he did not hesitate to accept the child.

The Masses were to be said for the intention of somebody named Margaret O'Brien, and in the afternoon Father Roosen baptized the small Nankee at the convent and registered her, for lack of any other name, as *Margaret O'Brien*.

The Sisters were glad enough to welcome Margaret, but they knew that Father Roosen's pocket would soon be empty and they wondered as they had often wondered before, how they were going to feed another little one. They decided, as usual, to throw the responsibility on the great Provider, and the added burden was soon sunk in the general care.

That evening when Father Roosen sat down at his desk—a packing-case covered with stencilled labels—he wrote to his friend at Maryknoll:

Dear Father Thoughtful:—

You saved a little yellow kiddie's life to-day. May the dear youngster look at you sometime out of her almond eyes, and may she never fail to pray for you and for Margaret O'Brien, the unknown, after whom she has been named.

Faithfully,

J.

If Father Roosen had had the slightest suspicion of the effect that would be produced by his letter, he might have kept a copy of it for future reference. But, as it was, he sent it off to the mail, and quite forgot the two Margarets after he had given both a memento in the Masses which he offered for the next fortnight.

* * *

When Father "Thoughtful" received his friend's acknowledgment, he turned it over to the Reverend Procurator, from whom he had received the stipends for distribution. The latter chuckled as he read the note.

Margaret O'Brien, the original, was his cousin, a somewhat haughty

maiden lady who had inherited considerable money and did not know how to spend it. Her income was far greater than her ordinary expenses, but she lived in such constant dread of imaginary financial troubles that the poor-house was the background of many of her waking and sleeping hours. Her nerves were suffering in consequence of this worry, and it was almost in desperation that she had sent her cousin the stipends, to be forwarded to some missionary for her recovery. "It's a good sign," the priest had said to himself, as he read his cousin's letter. It was the first evidence of any interest from that quarter, but he had long since learned that the relatives of a priest do not, as a rule, form the sinews of his strong right arm.

He smiled when he learned of the little Chinese "Margaret O'Brien". He could hardly imagine any possible interest of his cousin in the child. Yet the more he thought of it the stronger was his inclination to write. So, acting on the impulse, he took the letter which Father Van Dusan had received, wrote a few lines of explanation on its face and sent it to his cousin. No acknowledgment arrived and he mentally recorded the act with a thousand others as "seed sown and probably wasted—but who knows?"

Margaret O'Brien had been given one of two alternatives, confinement in a sanatorium or a trip around the world in company with a few friends. She had chosen this globe-trot, as no less expensive and a pleasanter prospect, and she had chosen wisely, for she had been rejuvenated before she arrived in Japan and was an enthusiastic traveler when she left the Island Empire for Shanghai. China was to her a joy, she wrote home to one of the few friends who had clung to her. She lived now in the "doldom" of her childhood days and fell in love with every baby she saw.

When the party arrived at Singapore, it was decided to make Borneo before proceeding West, and on Saturday evening, a few days later, the city of Sandakan was reached. Here a comfortable hotel induced the courier to call a halt of several days.

Miss O'Brien had no difficulty in finding the Catholic Church the next morning, but she *did* experience a strange sensation when she read at the end of a little notice-card in the vestibule the name—J. Roosen. It suddenly came to her mind that it was from Borneo, and near Sandakan, that a letter had been sent which she had received some ten years before from her cousin.

Her friends could not account for her silence that noon, for although she was by nature reserved, she had come out of her shell so fully as to be the life of the little group.

While the others were resting, she stole away from the hotel and, returning to the church, inquired for the missionary's residence. Father Roosen was not at home, but his "boy" pointed to a building where the priest had gone to give Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

She followed the directions and found herself at the entrance of a house conducted by the Sisters. The door was opened by a charming little Chinese girl whose eyes sparkled as she bowed the visitor into the tiny parlor and asked in excellent English, whom the lady desired to see.

Miss O'Brien was tempted to say that she had come to see the young portress, but she pronounced the name of Father Roosen and the child went to seek the priest. The latter soon appeared, as he had just finished the services and was about to return to his dwelling.

Margaret O'Brien's conjecture was right. Father Roosen, now pastor at Sandakan, was the priest who had said her Masses. He remembered the occasion because the subject of her charity, to whom he had with little thought given her name, was one of his pets. "She is a favorite with everybody," he said, and added that the origin of her Irish name had often to be explained to visitors.

Miss O'Brien asked eagerly if it would take very long to go and see the child. For answer the priest spoke to one of the Sisters who left the room to sound the house-bell.

It was the little portress who appeared on the threshold shortly afterwards, and Miss O'Brien's eyes beamed with keen interest. The child looked at the nun and the nun bowed in turn to the priest, who, taking the little girl's hand, said: "Margaret O'Brien of Sandakan, I wish to present you to your fairy-godmother, Margaret O'Brien of America. You are here because of her and she is here because of you."

The girl looked up and saw tears glistening in the lady's eyes. The next moment Miss O'Brien's arms were around her little namesake and—well, that is why the group of globe-trotters had to stay a few days longer in Sandakan and accommodate an extra traveler when they left.

Now two Margaret O'Briens are happy in the place where only one

—then a fidgety one—used to live, over on the other side of the Connecticut line. Occasionally they pay a visit to Maryknoll, where a special pair of chop-sticks is reserved for the dainty little lady who, though she is now a Yankee, likes, sometimes at least, to get back to the days when she was Nankee.

FATHER JOHN WAKEFIELD in the *Field Afar*.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Redemptorist College, Kirkwood, Mo., June 26, 1914.

Edward Mangan, Kansas City, Mo.....	99 5/7
Leo Kulleck, St. Alph., Chicago, Ill.....	99 5/8
Frank Fegen, St. Alph., Chicago, Ill.....	99 4/7
Peter Etzig, St. Mich., Chicago, Ill.....	99 3/7
Wm. Miller, New Orleans, La.....	99 3/8
Leo Sheridan, Denver, Colo.....	99 2/7
Harold Ellsworth, Holy Ghost, Chicago, Ill.....	99 1/8
Nicholas Feller, St. Mich., Chicago, Ill.....	98 3/4
Edward Fastner, St. Paul, Minn.....	98 5/8
Arthur Froehlich, St. Louis, Mo.....	98 5/8
Leo Romer, Pasadena, Calif.....	98 4/7
John Higinbotham, Kansas City, Mo.....	98 3/7
Maurice Zeller, St. Mich., Chicago, Ill.....	98 3/8
George Kramer, St. Alph., Chicago, Ill.....	98 1/7
Robert Byrne, Kansas City, Mo.....	98 1/8
Cyril Kreidorf, Kensington, Ill.....	98
Liguori Nugent, Big Rapids, Mich.....	97 7/8
Augustine Larsen, St. Mich., Chicago, Ill.....	97 6/7
George Kathrein, St. Mich., Chicago, Ill.....	97 5/7
Bernard Flaherty, Peru, Ind.....	97 4/7
Edward Meade, Ionia, Mich.....	97 3/7
Andrew Oehm, St. Alph., Chicago, Ill.....	97 3/7
Leo Dillenbeck, Grand Rapids, Mich.....	97 2/7
George Thommes, St. Alph., Chicago, Ill.....	97 2/7
Randolph Breting, Kansas City, Mo.....	97 1/7
Charles Mesmer, New Orleans, La.....	97
Harry Etchey, Seattle, Wash.....	97

A CONFERENCE AT MIKE'S PLACE.

June, like the Arabs, had folded her tent and quietly slipped away. The sultry breath of July was now making itself felt throughout the land. Father Johnson's sympathies were thoroughly aroused by Willie's bad luck.

"Too bad, too bad," he said, "now they'll have the laugh on him, poor boy."

"Pooh!" said the Missionary, "don't lose any sleep over him. He'll bob up again like a cork."

It was the afternoon of July the fourth, and all day, far and near, the bottled patriotism of Uncle Sam's sons and daughters was finding vent in innumerable explosions. The sky was a deep blue and it was accentuated by the white clouds driven from the West by a lively breeze. We sat together on the bluff under a patriarchal oak, and watched the yachts and sail boats flit by on the wings of the wind.

"Supper at six," said Father Johnson, "and at seven the students are going to give a concert in the boat-house, and when it gets dark enough, fireworks on the pier. We're all invited."

"Good," said the missionary, "that will be worth hearing. They sing charmingly. And the fireworks will remind me of the time when I almost shot my foot off with a giant cracker."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Father Johnson, "we all have some tender reminiscences of that kind. But, Father, I'm dying to know what happened to that poor boy. Was he able to get up the next morning? And what kind of a Christmas did he have?"

"O, he had a great Christmas," replied the Missionary, "a splendid Christmas. Listen and I'll tell you."

I.

When the girls returned to their respective rooms whispering and giggling over the outcome of Willie's attempt to frighten them, they found their mother with an anxious countenance awaiting them.

"What was all that noise?" she inquired.

The girls laughingly told her all about it.

"Where is Willie now?" she inquired.

Just then that worthy limped into the limelight. Mrs. Maloney led him into her room. There was a large bump the size of a walnut over his right eye.

"You'll be a beauty to serve Mass tomorrow," said his mother.

Willie smiled a sickly smile. There was a similar bump on the back of his head, and several abrasions of the skin on various angles of his body.

"Where did you get that masque and those other things," asked his mother while she applied some arnica to the sore spots.

"I bought some of them," replied Willie, "and I found some in the garret."

"Where did you get the money to buy them with?" pursued his mother.

Willie looked uncomfortable.

"You know I have a bank."

"How much did you have in the bank?" said his mother.

"Thirty cents."

"Was that all they cost?" asked his mother.

"No," said Willie, getting desperate, "they cost a dollar and fifteen cents."

"Well, where did you get the rest of it?"

"Karl Schneiderhahn gave me a dollar," at last blurted out Willie.

"Karl Schneiderhahn? What did he give you a dollar for?"

Willie looked first one way then another like a trapped rat.

"Well-er, I did something for him."

"What did you do for him to get a dollar?" pursued his mother.

Willie gave a fearful yawn.

"Really, mother, I'm awfully sleepy. If you want to get me up for five o'clock, you'd better let me go to bed."

"You may go as soon as you tell me why Karl Schneiderhahn gave you that dollar."

"O, mother, don't ask me. It's-er-it's an affair of honor."

"Humph! An affair of honor!" ejaculated Mrs. Maloney.

She darted a sharp look at Willie.

"All right," she said, "go to bed," wondering what kind of an affair of honor could possibly exist between Karl Schneiderhahn and William Tecumseh Maloney.

When "Marguerite's Missionary" sent out its sonorous call at four o'clock on Christmas morning, Willie was one of the first to spring from his bed despite the bumps and bruises received the night before. He first went to his door and opened it cautiously to see if Santa

Klaus had passed that way. When he opened the door a huge bundle tumbled into the room, which Willie caught in both arms and bore triumphantly to the bed. 'Twas open in a jiffy, and what an array of treasures to give joy to a boy's heart! There was a splendid double barreled shotgun of the latest model and a cartridge belt well loaded with rim-fire cartridges. Willie examined them with the air of a connoisseur, while his eyes glistened. There was an elegant new McClellan saddle with bridle to match for B. B. Willie ran his fingers over them caressingly, feeling each seam and testing each strap, while a soft, pleased smile lit up his features. Hanging to the pommel was a fine Mexican lariat. There were, also, cakes, and candies, and nuts, and fire-crackers, and Roman candles, and many other things too numerous to mention. Santa Klaus didn't forget anybody in the house, and I'm sure there were enough beautiful things, if laid side by side, to reach around a block, especially if Willie's lariat were stretched out. The girls got ever so much finery, and Grave got a pair of exquisite soft, pink, doe-skin house slippers. There was a card attached bearing the initials, K. W. S. And they fitted, too, just like the paper on the wall. The mystery was, how Karl could know just the right number. But, Willie had another dollar jingling in his pocket—well, another affair of honor. But Uncle Stanhope, what a surprise for him, when he found a large box tied with crimson ribbon at his door! Six beautiful soft pleated dress shirts—("enough 'biled' shirts for a year," said he), a dozen pairs of the finest black silk sox, a dozen fine linen collars in a leathern box, a dozen pairs of the best linen cuffs (no more frayed edges for Uncle Stanhope), and, nicely inserted in one pair, exquisite gold link buttons with the monogram S. L. M. Uncle Stanhope looked sadly at his old yellow cow-horn buttons, reminders of his "salad days", and softly sighed. O, there were so many other things it wearies the memory to recall them!

Father Horrell sang the first Mass at five o'clock, and at the gospel he turned and read the beautiful Christmas story; then, in a few, tender, well-chosen words, he wished his flock a "happy, holy Christmas." O, it was great! But the music! Grace, the first soprano, never sang so heavenly. Professor Gugliano had helped her practise the trills, and he was below listening in exultation when the beautiful clear notes, like little flocks of birds, went soaring into the fret-work of the ceiling. Miss Queen, too, was in her best fettle. Dr. Gogarty sang beautifully.

He sang a lovely solo at the offertory: "Puer natus est nobis," which had some duet parts and these were taken by him and Grace. Karl was below with Marguerite and he frowned whenever the duet parts were being sung. I suppose he was not used to rising so early. At the late Mass, Father Fidelis delivered a powerful, deep, and soulful sermon on the "Reasons for the Incarnation". This sermon was the talk of the town for a long time. One man sent him a box of ten-cent cigars. That sermon is still remembered. Willie, in his snow-white lace surplice, an acolyte at the Mass, in spite of that walnut over his eye, looked like an angel. When Father Horrell asked him how he got that bump: "O, I just ran up against something in the dark."

"He'd better have said he ran *down* against something," ejaculated Father Johnson.

And the little, wide-eyed, wondering children, kneeling at the Crib! How they gazed with awe at the tiny Infant on His bed of straw and His Mother and St. Joseph gazing tenderly upon Him! But, at last it was all over, the candles out, the last loiterer departed, and the priests taking their well-earned dinner.

Mrs. Maloney, on the return from Mass, had announced that there would be no formal lunch, that all might help themselves to what they would find on the dining-room table, that dinner would be served at five P. M. They all wandered in to the dining room at their convenience (Willie was among the first) and found the table groaning with a very substantial supply of good things. After bracing up the inner man, Willie went up to his room and once again deliberately contemplated his treasures. He then slipped out to the sidewalk and sounded his three calls for Jimmie Bilkins, who soon appeared.

"What'd you git?" said Willie.

Jimmie went through his list, on his fingers.

"What'd *you* git?" he asked of Willie.

Willie went through his list on his fingers.

"Come on up," he said, and the two boys ascended to Willie's room. Jimmie was in ecstasy over the gun and saddle, and a slight shade of envy crept over his features.

"I didn't get nothin' as big as them," he said, "I ain't never had a gun yit."

Willie opened a closet and took out his shot-pouch and powder-flask.

"Here," he said, "put these on and see how you look."

Jimmie slipped them over his head.

"Why, you look swell," said Willie.

He then went back to the closet and took out "Old Betsy".

"Here," he said, "take 'Old Betsy' and see how you look with the whole outfit."

Jimmie took the gun and stood "attention" as though just waiting for a covey of partridges to rise.

"Well, Jimmie," said Willie, softly, "the whole outfit belongs to you. 'I give you 'Old Betsy' for a Christmas present."

Jimmie looked at Willie in amazement, as not comprehending his meaning.

"I mean it," repeated Willie. "'Old Betsy's' yours. I don't need two guns. Be careful, though, and don't load her too heavy, or she'll kick the stuffin' out o' yer."

The tears were slowly gathering in Jimmie's eyes. At last, he blurted out:

"Well, Willie Maloney, you ain't no slouch, no how."

"Tomorrow morning, we'll go out hunting in Simm's woods and try 'em, huh?"

"All right," said Jimmie, and with a light step and lighter heart, he bore his treasure off home. Willie felt light and happy, too; for he felt the sweetness that it is "better to give than to receive". And Mr. Maloney was much pleased when he heard of it, "for," he said, "I love a generous boy."

* * *

At five P. M. the Maloney family sat down to a spread that did full justice to Aunt Chloe's reputation as a gastronomic artist. The largest, finest and fattest of Uncle Stanhope's turkeys formed the "piece de resistance" and was flanked with a bewildering array of Christmas delicacies to tempt the most sluggish appetite. Willie was rather quiet and cowed, for no matter in which direction he looked he met a pair of amused eyes, or a broad grin. So, he industriously paid his respects to turkey-wings and "stuffin'," and it is simply incredible what a quantity of various kinds of edibles disappeared under his jacket. It was certainly a happy, joyous, jolly Christmas dinner and long to be remembered. Uncle Stanhope was in the best of humors, and his comments on the people, the styles, the ladies' hats, the sermon, the sing-

ing, were "rich, rare, and racy" and kept all in peals of merry laughter. But, like all sublunary things, good or bad, it came to an end. About eight, company came and the evening passed in happy, innocent amusement. But now, another and a far different scene some blocks away from the happy Maloney family claims our attention.

II.

On Pulaski's water-front, the poorest section of the city, there stands a long, low, old-fashioned, two-story brick tenement, always crowded with tenants. Brick walls divided it off into sections and each section had both a front and back yard. The front yards were separated from each other by low fences, and in some of the yards might be seen some skimpy looking flower beds. The back yards ran to an alley rejoicing in the euphonious title of "Gumbo Alley", and were separated by high, close board fences. At the southern end of the building and at the corner of the street an extension had been built to the sidewalk occupying the entire front yard. In this extension, downstairs, Mike Halpin, a Corkonian, dispensed to his numerous customers the juice of the vine, of the vat, and of the still, as well as buttermilk and soda. Upstairs, over the saloon was a long room containing several beds, and here Mike dispensed hospitality to such of his customers as were, on account of too numerous potations, unable to navigate. He tended them with a mother's solicitude. Back of this large room was a smaller one containing two beds and intended for the "quality", for be it known that the greater number of Mike's customers did not stand very high in the social scale. On the front of the extension appeared conspicuously, on a large sign-board, in great black letters by day, and electric lights by night, the legend, "Mike's Place". Inside, the bar ran about fifteen feet and behind it against the wall, a large gilt framed mirror for the customers to look at and admire their mugs while drinking and see what a man looks like when he's making a hog of himself. Arranged on shelves around this mirror was a small army of bottles, glasses, and decanters of all shapes and sizes. The floor was sanded to catch the numerous expectorations, beer-foam blown off the glasses, in snow-white wreaths, and the remnants of drinks invariably emptied on the floor. A table about six feet long stood against the opposite wall and on it was a "free lunch". A large dish of sliced bread, several kinds of cheese, American, Swiss, and Limburger, several kinds of sausage, summer sausage, a large thick red sausage, leber-

wurst, and pretzels, with other things, made up the menu. The cigar and cigarette smoke with the pipes of the workingmen, the scents arising from these various sausages and cheeses, the mingled aroma of the beer, whiskey, brandy, gin, wine, etc., the effluvia from the expectorations of tobacco juice and others—all produced a smell which was simply indescribable. To cap the climax, a cheap upright piano stood in the corner, and on busy nights a girl with a red head and freckled face pounded out rag-time and sang in a tin-pan voice the latest songs, while the half-drunken customers vociferously applauded and bandied ribald jests. Several questionable pictures, cheap and coarse, ornamented the walls. In the rear of the saloon was a room for cards, and still further back, a smaller private room for choice spirits only, separated from the card-room by a swinging door, inside of which was a solid oaken door with lock. The upper half of this oaken door was divided into small square panes of frosted glass. One row at the top had been left clear, so that a man of ordinary height could, by standing on a chair, peep over and see within. About nine o'clock on this holy Christmas night John and Joe Gogarty might have been seen sauntering down the street in animated conversation. They turned in at Gumbo Alley, and John, producing a flat key, opened the gate which closed after them with a sharp click. Passing through the back yard they entered the little private room and sat down at a bare round table which stood in the center. John touched an electric button near the door, and in an instant Mike, a stout red-faced Irishman in a long white apron like a butcher, made his appearance.

* * *

"Set 'em up, Mike," said John, "we're both dry as dust."

"What'll you have?" said Mike.

"Bring some soda and a decanter of old Bourbon."

"All right, sir."

In a minute he reappeared with several bottles of soda and a decanter of whiskey. In another minute they were both sipping at their highballs. At last, after a long silence, John spoke up:

"Let me tell you, Joe, I think you're entirely too sanguine in regard to this Maloney affair."

"I know better," said Joe. "I know what I'm talking about. Once get that infernal Dutchman out of the way, and it's clear sailing."

"Bosh!" said John. "I don't believe Grace Maloney would give

you a second thought if there wasn't a Dutchman in the universe. Now, remember, I'm willing to help you, and you know I don't scruple at the means, but you should know that you're dealing with people in those Maloneys whose ideals are very different from yours. They're superior to you from every view-point, and they know it, too; which is proven by the fact that they've never invited you to their home."

"That'll come, never fear, in its own good time. Rome wasn't built in a day. The woman doesn't live that can resist me, if I only get a chance to exhibit my powers."

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, sneeringly. "You certainly have a bad case of *megalocephalitis*. Haven't you anything in your *pharmacopia* up there that will cure it?"

Joe reddened. He was peculiarly sensitive to ridicule.

"Well," he replied, "promise to help me, and I'll promise to help you in your campaign. Ha! ha! here's a health to the prohibition ticket with John Gogarty, the saloon owner, at the head of it."

John glared across the table at his brother.

"Have a care, my boy, don't go too far."

"Ho! that's what you said," sneered Joe, "the day I rammed your head in the mud of Charles River, don't you remember? And what a time Capt. Brodie had bringing you back to life?"

"Yes, I remember it well," roared John, his eyes flashing fire, "and I never settled that account with you yet," and rising, he leaned over the table and shot his right fist between Joe's eyes with great force. Joe and his chair went backwards with a fearful crash into the corner, John, following up his advantage, landing on top of him and pommeling him lustily. In doing so his foot struck the leg of the table overturning it and the bottles, glasses and decanters went to the floor with a resounding crash. Being Christmas night the outer saloon was full and the piano manipulated by the red headed girl was in full swing. Suddenly, a loud crash. The music ceased and Mike with two swaggering river-men dashed into the little private room. They seized John and pulled him off his brother, who bit and kicked and clawed and cursed, the blood trickling down his face.

"Unhand me," yelled John, "I'll make mince-meat of him."

"O no, Mr. Gogarty," said Mike, soothingly, "no fightin', please, no fightin'. I keeps a respectable place."

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the September Liguorian: "Willie in a New Role."

VACATION THOUGHTS

St. James asks a serious question: "What is your life?" and answers it: "It is a vapor which appeareth for a little while."—James IV, 15. Indeed, it is like a light vapor, melting in the gentlest breeze, and is no more. All know quite well that they must die. Yet all cradle themselves in the sorry illusion that death is far off—so far off in fact, as if death would never arrive. Alas, will we never heed the words of wisdom which Job addressed to us so long ago? "Man born of a woman, living for a short time, . . . cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed." No wonder that God should bid his prophet repeat the same message over and over again. Is there anything more sadly, exquisitely beautiful than the words of Isaias? "Cry: all flesh is grass! Indeed the people is grass. The grass is withered and the flower is fallen." Just look around you now in earnest thought and see! Man's life—is it not just like the life of the tiny blade of grass? Death finds the trembling blade and it withers and curls and dies. Death steals noiselessly on men and the brightest bloom of all his success must fade, and all the dreamy flowers fall.

"My days have been swifter than a post." Thus sighs Job after a life of wealth and prosperity. Thus, too, death is hurrying to meet us on silent wings and we are hastening to his embrace. Every step we take, every breath we draw, brings death nearer. St. Jerome used to muse: "Every stroke of the pen as I write, costs me so much of my life." While writing he seemed to feel the shadowy nearness of death.

"We all die, and, like waters that return no more, we fall into the earth." 2 Kings XIV, 14. Did you ever watch the river as its silvery ripples float toward the sea? Those waves ever rushing onward never more return. Thus, my friend, your days may pass as sunny ripples—but they pass away and bear you softly and quickly to death. Your pleasures, amusements, successes, all pass away—and pray, what remains? Only the grave. We, too, shall one day be laid away in a grave. There, stripped of all once so dear to us, our bodies will lie alone with darkness and worms. There in the hour of death—how will we look on the days of our life? All its enjoyments, all its ambitions, all will only embitter that one, decisive hour—will deepen our fears about eternity. Then will we murmur: "Oh, how foolish was I to seek only those wretched things! My home, my gardens, my bank-account, my gains—all are lost now! And only the grave is mine!"

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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"SPARE THE ROD, AND.—"

"I called this morning on Mrs. Templeton and Mrs. Cullinane. Mrs. Templeton said the children were not well. Just then little Reginald came in, slammed the door very hard, and said, 'Mamma, I want a piece of cake,' 'No, sweetheart, the doctor said it is not good for you to eat so much cake.' 'Well, I want it,' he shouted; and a scene began that ended by Reginald getting the cake. 'Now, Archibald,' she called to the younger one, who was determined to attract his share of attention, 'put up the lady's furs; that's a good child!' But the 'good' child declined to make himself worthy of the appellation. 'Archie, Archie, put them up; you're ruining them.' 'My dear Mrs. Templeton, let the child enjoy himself; he cannot hurt them.' I paid for my fib by seeing my poor furs dragged about the floor. I cannot afford to buy furs every day, and I take great care of them in order to make them last as long as possible. I saw that I had to bring my visit to a hurried close or have my furs demolished. I chose the former course.

"When I arrived at Mrs. Cullinane's, her two little ones were taking a hearty lunch of oat meal and milk, and she was making delicious tarts in the kitchen. The children kept silence until I addressed them, then they answered politely. 'I am surprised,' I said, when they had finished and had been sent out on the lawn to play, 'that the children were not teasing for one of those tarts.' 'You may be sure they asked,' replied Mrs. Cullinane, 'but I told them they could not have any now. Tarts are bad for the digestion while they are hot.' 'And did they submit so easily?' 'They would be ready enough to gain their own way if they could, but I never allow them to argue the point with me. I was obliged to give them a good whipping last week, and they have not forgotten it.'

* * *

(*Twenty years later.*) "I called today on Mrs. Templeton and Mrs. Cullinane. Poor Mrs. Templeton, how I pity her! That affair of Reginald's has broken her heart. How she loves that boy! I think that she could bear even his arrest and conviction, but the fact that he deceived her so shamefully, and that now he turns upon her and hates her—that is the bitterest part of her cup of sorrow. She helped Archi-

bald out to his chair on the porch. He is almost as helpless as a child. I asked her why she did not bring him up to the city to a specialist. She told me in confidence that the doctor said it would be no use; absolutely nothing can be done for his tuberculosis until he gives up his bad habits; but he seems to lack all will power for that.

"I felt so depressed that it was a comfort to call on Mrs. Cullinane and hear her cheery story of her boys. The younger one is first in his class at the university, and I think there was a touch of honest pride in her voice when she added, 'he is not the last in athletics for all that'. The older one, as you know, took up medicine. He worked night and day for the first two years, she says, and now he has as promising a practice as any doctor in the city.

"I could never understand why the children of different families turn out so different. Both Mrs. Templeton and Mrs. Cullinane are good, pious women, why does God give so much sorrow to the one and so much comfort to the other?"

COMFORT FOR THE FEARFUL.

For six long months St. Francis de Sales was tortured night and day with the insuperable conviction that he was predestined to be damned. Though he lost his health and wasted away to a skeleton under the terrible trial, he never once murmured against God. But when his agony was at his height, he cried:

"O God, if I am destined never to love You in the next world, at least I will love You as much as I can in this."

The unspeakable graces which God showered upon him in reward for this heroic act of resignation are known to the world.

THEY DIDN'T MEET

A minister in a small Western town surprised his audience one Sunday by reading the following announcement: "The regular session of the Donkey Club will be held as usual after the service. Members will line up just outside of the door of the church, make remarks, and stare at ladies who pass, as is their custom."

The Club didn't meet that Sunday.—*Catholic Messenger* (Davenport).

RECEIVE THEM KINDLY.

A story is told of a poor woman who once went to a Catholic Priest and told him she desired to join his Church. He questioned her as regarded her motives for this important step. He found, to his surprise, that her desire sprang from fear of the "vicious Romans". She had heard some anti-Catholic lectures and had gathered from the lecturer's words that the Papists were about to inaugurate a terrible persecution, in which all who refused to conform to their doctrines and teaching would be pitilessly massacred. Having thought the matter over, she deemed it prudent to insure her safety and that of her household by joining the aforesaid "vicious Romans". The Priest received her kindly and instructed her in the doctrines of the Church. Fear gave place to Faith, and she became an excellent convert.—*Hints for Catechists* by Madame Cecilia.

THE MEDAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

On November 27, 1830, the Blessed Mother of God appeared in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity at Paris. It was towards half past five in the evening. Sister Catherine Labouré was making her meditation in profound silence. Suddenly she heard a rustling as of silken robes on the Epistle side of the altar. On raising her eyes, she saw the Blessed Virgin Mary clothed in a white dress and blue mantle and resplendent with light. The divine Mother was offering a globe to her Son with an indescribable expression of supplication and love; at the same time a voice seemed to say that it is thus she pleads with Him for the sinful world.

Then the scene was changed. Mary appeared with her hands extended and light streaming from them to represent the abundant graces which these loving hands distribute to all that pray to her. In a semi-circle over her head appeared the words, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee". The heavenly Mother spoke to her favored daughter, "Have a medal struck according to this model, and I promise a wealth of blessings to all who wear it with devotion".

Such is the origin of the miraculous medal which has grown so dear to all true children of Mary.

A SAINT'S PRAYER.

The holy Religious, Joachim Piccolimini of Siena, was making his way on foot to a convent of his order. A violent rainstorm forced him to seek shelter in a peasant's cabin. In the corner of the one poor room lay a hopeless epileptic writhing with pain and uttering unceasing cries and complaints. Joachim, whose abiding thought of eternity made the pains and pleasures of this short life appear so trivial, was pained to think how the invalid's impatience was robbing him of the rich reward God would have given him for his sufferings, approached the pallet and began to speak to the poor man of Christian resignation.

"Resignation," growled the sufferer. "It's easy enough for you to prate about resignation. I'd like to see you in my place for five minutes and hear how quick you would change your tune." And he howled once more with pain.

Then came the Saint's prayer. He fell on his knees beside the wretched bed and begged God to give him the sickness instead of the poor sufferer who bore it so impatiently. His prayer was heard. He had no sooner pronounced the words than he fell into violent convulsions while the peasant rose from his bed completely cured.

The disease never left the Saint to the day of his death, yet no one ever heard him make the slightest complaint. He united his sufferings with the sufferings of Jesus on the cross and, by this means, each new day of pain, he laid up eternal treasures in his Father's home. Thus it is with the exhortations of the Saints: they come from the heart, and not merely from the lips.

"TATA GIOVANNI"

While John Mastai, who afterwards became Pope Pius IX, was studying theology in Rome, in order to be further removed from the din and distractions of the world, he took lodgings in an orphan asylum which he had always dearly loved to visit. It was called, in honor of its founder, the orphanage of "Tata Giovanni," that is, "Papa John". The history of this institution is too beautiful to be given up to forgetfulness.

Tata Giovanni (Borgi), a poor stonemason, devout and retiring,

was born at Rome, 1732. It pained him to see so many hungry and half-naked children lying about on the stone benches of the city square. At length he could bear it no longer. He took two or three orphan boys and made them share the few comforts of his little cabin. During the day he found work for them with some respectable master of good example, for otherwise he would not have been able to give them food and clothing. Thus he was soon able to help others until the number reached fifteen and over—all his little house could possibly hold. Then it was that certain charitable Priests came to his aid. A large building was purchased, and a hundred happy orphan boys found shelter beneath its roof.

"Prayer and Work" was Giovanni's motto. And just as he practised both himself, he demanded the same of the children he was training. All had to get up at a very early hour in the morning and go to Mass. Then came breakfast, after which all were sent to do their day's work for the masters with whom Giovanni had engaged them; and woe to that boy who was found lazy or careless when Giovanni unexpectedly made his rounds. Giovanni had a cure for laziness, and his medicine never failed. At the sound of the Angelus (which in Rome is rung at sundown during all seasons of the year) every boy had to be in the house. Giovanni met them at the door and demanded their day's wages, with which he procured food and clothing for all and medicine and care for those who were too young or too weak to work. Then came school work. Tata himself taught the Catechism; charitable seminarians taught reading, writing, etc.—arts which Tata had never mastered. After class—supper, night prayers and to bed.

And when at length this poor, unlettered stonemason died, he had changed hundreds of neglected, lazy, viciously-inclined orphan boys into thorough Catholics and self-respecting tradesmen.

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than, "God bless you".

=====	Pointed Paragraphs	=====
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JUBILEE.

With this number the *Liguorian* completes the first year of its existence—celebrates its first jubilee. We have indeed abundant reason for jubilation. During the year he have learned to love the thousands of known and unknown readers to whom, month after month, the *Liguorian* brought its silent message. If they enjoy reading our articles as much as we enjoy writing them, they will indeed rejoice with us. During this year we have experienced how readily our Catholic people make a sacrifice for the support of the Catholic press. May God reward them for their generosity. During this year we have made the acquaintance of a body of able, earnest, large-hearted men—the editors of the Catholic periodical literature of the United States. Unselfishly they welcomed us into the field; unfailingly they encouraged us in our work. We trust that **all will gain and none will lose** by our presence. The *Liguorian* usurps the place of no other Catholic periodical; it has a style, a spirit, a goal all its own.

Some day when you, our first readers, and we ourselves are old and retired from active labors, we will tell you the story of how the *Liguorian* came into being. As we look back on the chain of events that led us to take up this work almost against our will, we must say, "The finger of God is there." Yes, we have abundant proof that God wishes to use this humble instrument for His glory and the good of souls, and we are determined to make it a worthy instrument in His hands. Our first year's experience has amply proved that, with His blessing and the continued assistance of our many kind friends, we can unquestionably do so.

AN IDEAL ATTAINED.

From the start our ideal has been to make the *Liguorian* support itself without a single advertisement. Why don't we want advertise in the *Liguorian*? Because they consume space and increase bulk. Our mission is mainly to young men and young women, and they have a dread of big books, especially pious ones. We want to keep the

Liguorian so small that our young men and young women will have the courage to pick it up and read a line, and we want it so striking that no matter what line they read it will drive home a wholesome lesson. Our contributors mercilessly cut down their articles at the cost of many a brilliant thought until they fit within a few short pages, and we mercilessly reject all advertisements at the cost of a pecuniary loss, in order to give every page to crisp, condensed, and wholesome reading matter.

Why don't we want advertisements in the *Liguorian*? Because generally the primary object of an advertisement is to bring in money and we do not want to put a line in the magazine whose primary object is not the same as that of the magazine itself, namely, to labor in the spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori, for the growth of Catholic belief and practise. If money-making were our object a Catholic periodical is the very last thing to which we would have had recourse.

Why don't we want advertisements in the *Liguorian*? Because we are determined not to abuse the confidence of our readers. We are Priests. We know our theology. When we tell the people what is the best way to save their souls, we are certain we are right. But we are not merchants or bankers; and if we would try to tell the people the best place to buy their goods or deposit their money, we might be leading them astray. In practise as well as in theory we hold fast to the adage, "Cobbler, stick to your last."

Why don't we want advertisements in the *Liguorian*? Because they would hamper our freedom of speech. Wherever we discover persons, places, or things that are, either directly or indirectly, ruining immortal souls, we mean to hit them and hit them hard. If we derived a large part of our income from advertisements, we might be tempted to mollify our denunciations whenever there was danger of offending an advertiser and losing his support. The non-advertising magazine asks no favors and needs grant no quarter.

These are a few of the reasons why, from the start, our ideal was a popular Catholic magazine without a single advertisement. Thank God, that ideal has been attained! In the first year of its existence the *Liguorian* has been placed upon a solid, self-supporting basis by means of subscriptions alone. It, therefore, can and will exist without advertisements. And now it fearlessly enters the lists to fight for the right and throws down the gauntlet to evil in every form.

VACATION ACCIDENTS.

Thousands of our people meet with sudden and violent deaths every year during summer outings and excursions. Well for them—thus suddenly snatched from their pleasures and summoned before the tribunal of Jesus Christ—well for them if they can tell the Eternal Judge that, at the moment the accident happened, they were in the state of grace, free from mortal sin, that they had said their morning and night prayers that day, that their lawful debts were paid, their scandals repaired, and that they had been to the sacraments within the month.

If *you* are one whom the Master of life and death has decreed to summon thus suddenly, will you be able to give this favorable account of yourself?

"GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE."

"I have planted, Apollo watered, but God giveth the increase." The Parish Priest has daily experience of the truth of these words. He carefully prepares his sermons, he gives prudent advice and earnest admonitions in the confessional, he labors long with his First Communion class, he directs the school, visits the sick, and goes in search of the strayed sheep of the flock. Still he finds that all his efforts are vain unless God's grace comes to perfect and confirm the work. Hence it is that he learns to trust more to his prayers than to his labors. Hence it is that he learns to recommend to God the souls of this parishioners in every good and pious work that he performs.

The Editors of the *Liguorian* have no parish. They have begun this magazine for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and they, too, have learned that it is vain to sow the seed of the Word unless God makes it take root in the hearts of men and bring forth fruit. Hence they do for their readers what the Parish Priest does for his flock: a large share of their daily Masses, their Office, their meditations, their prayers and penances, is offered up that God may bless all those that read their articles, and that He may unite readers and writers one day in heaven.

THE WORST OF ALL THE DEVILS.

If, as many believe, there is a special devil for each particular vice, a devil of drink, a devil of impurity, a devil of hatred, a devil of laziness, then there is no devil against whom we should guard so carefully as the devil of discouragement. No matter what other devil may take possession of your soul, the moment you turn to God with sorrow and confidence, He will help you to break away from the vile slavery to which you have been reduced. But so long as you are in the power of the devil of discouragement, there is no hope; for you will neither ask God for His help nor make us of it if He offers it to you. If you become discouraged after a sin it shows that you have *no humility*, you have too high an opinion of yourself, and that is why you are surprised to see that even you can fall; or it shows that you have *no experience*, and you do not know that even the Saints "fall seven times a day"; or it shows that you have *no faith* in the word of God who says: "*Come to me . . . and even though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow.*" "*I have come not to save the just but sinners.*" "*Amen, amen, I say unto you, there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that doth penance, more than over ninety-nine just men who need not penance.*"

"NO ONE THINKETH IN HIS HEART."

In glancing over a Monday morning paper recently, we noticed that the record of the Sunday automobile rides was nearly a dozen accidents, and practically every one counted one or more deaths. This matter, is beginning to look like a return to degrading barbarism. The persons concerned were, in almost every instance, taking unnecessary risks. Hundreds of others were doing the same; they were not caught last Sunday; perhaps next Sunday will be their turn. Why is this criminal recklessness growing so common? *The reason:* 1) private interpretation has juggled with God's law until the majority of our people no longer have correct, adequate, well-defined principles of right and wrong; 2) even those, who have been taught correct principles, lead such a giddy, nervous, pleasure-seeking existence that they never think of applying these principles to the actions they themselves per-

form; 3) even those who apply these principles to their own conduct and see that it is damnable, care so little for God or conscience, heaven or hell, that they persist in exposing their own lives and the lives of others to unnecessary dangers. *The remedy:* 1) learn the law of morality from the reliable teaching authority established by God. Take, for example, the law which says, It is a grievous sin to expose life or limb to unnecessary danger; 2) cultivate the habit of applying the moral law to your own actions by asking your conscience, Is this action right or wrong? 3) devote more time, especially on Sundays, to the thought of God and your soul. Often ponder on the questions: Why did God make me? Am I working for the one sole end for which I was made? When shall I die? Before what bar of justice must I then appear? What sentence will then be passed upon me?

I wonder why it is that some men can scarcely bear to sit for fifteen minutes in a comfortable pew in a cool church, while they gladly sit for hours on a rough log in the blazing sun, enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes, watching a fish line!

I wonder why it is that some women can repeat the same choice morsel of scandal a hundred times and be fresher when they finish than when they began, while if they repeat the Our Father and the Hail Mary a half dozen times as a penance they are prostrated with fatigue! I wonder!

CATHOLICS! WATCH DANGEROUS LEGISLATION!

In New York state, as in every state, trusts and combines, through their lobbyists in the legislature, succeed in passing measures, which appear quite impartial at first sight, but which in reality constitute unjust discrimination in favor of the trusts and combines that put them through. New York state, unlike most other states, has a committee who examine every bill laid before the legislature and, if it is found to have a sinister purpose, expose and kill it.

Here is a hint for Catholics. Many measures unjust towards the Church, are introduced through malice into the legislatures of the various states; and many measures destructive of religion and morality, are introduced through ignorance of the fundamental principles of the moral law. We should have able Catholic lawyers and statesmen

to discover these bills and keep them off the statute books. No new organization is necessary for this. Simply see that the Catholic society to which you belong gives due attention to the matter. The following enumeration of work accomplished by the Federation of Catholic Societies will give you an idea of what well directed work can do. To the Federation, according to Bishop McFaul in *America*, is due: the repeal of the obnoxious marriage law in Cuba; the betterment of conditions in the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico; the appointment of Catholics in the Indian and Philippine commissions; permission to celebrate Mass in the navy yards, prisons, and reform schools; the appointment of Catholic army and navy chaplains; the protection of Catholic Indian schools and Catholic Indian missions; the introduction of Catholic books into the public libraries; the defeat of the Bard amendment affecting the rights of Catholic Indians; the acceptance of the Father Marquette statue by our government; the protection of our Catholic Philipino students; and the inauguration of a crusade against indecent and immoral literature, pictures, postcards, and advertisements.

PISTOLS, MOVIES, DAILIES.

Cheap revolvers were exposed to view in every hardware store and pawn shop. That constituted a suggestion (we would prefer to call it by the old name of temptation) to break the law which forbids the carrying of concealed weapons. The result was that many yielded to the suggestion, and the unlawful pistol played a heavy part in the ten thousand annual murders in the United States as against four hundred in the whole of Great Britain. The remedy is the series of laws that have been passed forbidding shop keepers to exhibit firearms in public view where they will be a source of suggestion or temptation to the weak or the impulsive.

Six million five hundred thousand people have been visiting the *moving-picture shows* daily. They saw there thrilling scenes of theft, robbery, counterfeiting, smuggling, kidnapping, murder, elopement, etc. This constituted a suggestion to many of the audience to go and do likewise. The result was that hundreds and thousands yielded to the suggestion, until a universal cry arose from police judges, juvenile officers, and prison wardens against the abuse of the moving-picture

show. The remedy was the appointment of inspectors and the condemnation of miles upon miles of objectionable films.

Not merely six million, but six times six million and more, read the *daily papers*. These papers are filled with records of crime, and not only the records of crime but its minutest details. Day after day the morbid story is developed and brought before our eyes in blazing headlines until we almost live in company with the criminals. Is not this suggestion? Is it not temptation? Does it not ruin its dozen where the shop-window pistol or the suggestive picture show ruins one? But where is the universal cry raised against this evil? It is silent—smothered by the newspapers! The newspapers mould public opinion; they take good care not to mould it inimical to themselves. Newspaper men have a profound knowledge of the world and minds quick to grasp the relation between cause and effect in human affairs. In their hearts they know that the greatest, the most universal, the most far-reaching power for evil in the land is the detailed delineation of crime in the daily press. They know this, but they are in the "newspaper game" for the money it will bring them, and they know that it will bring them more money the more they pander to men's baser passions—the more they fill their sheets with unusual, sensational, lurid, morbid accounts. Though we wait for centuries we shall wait in vain for a secular, commercialized press to reform itself to its own pecuniary loss. The remedy must be a radical one—the *foundation of great Catholic dailies throughout the length and breadth of the land*. For the education—the mental and spiritual training—of one hundred million people is so sacred that it may well fall under the jurisdiction of the Church—aye, so closely bound up with the salvation of those souls that it may well be considered a part of her divine commission, "Going forth to teach all nations".

"AN ALMS, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!"

In mediaeval days it was this motive and this appeal that brought aid to God's afflicted ones. Even today the "mediaeval Church" still follows this mediaeval plan. Outside her pale Christian charity is being largely supplanted by materialism. "Away with the old-fashioned, wasteful system," they say. "Those who cannot take care of themselves are the wards of the State. She will build asylums for

them, and hire public servants to care for them, and levy taxes to cover the expense." It is useless to adduce supernatural reasons in arguing with such people. They are become "of earth earthy". Their material minds are incapable of understanding higher things. It is useless to tell them that it "is more blessed to give than to receive"; that to deprive a people of the opportunity of giving alms for the love of God is to inflict untold injury upon that people; that the poor and the afflicted do not want to be fed and housed like so many cattle, but loved and consoled like brothers in Jesus Christ. It is useless to tell them this; the only argument they can understand is the money argument; we will give them that. The *New York Sun* for May 7, prints the results of an investigation of the State Hospitals. In five of the leading hospitals the kitchens and cooking utensils were found to be repulsively filthy, and hundreds of pounds of rotting meat and large supplies of spoiled eggs were found in the store rooms. The cooks admitted that that was the kind of food generally given to the inmates. The inspectors added that the State is defrauded out of large sums of money by the substitution of poor foodstuffs for the best on the market, which the State pays for. Compare this report with the economy and kindness in institutions of Christian charity, and draw your own conclusions.

A SAINT? NOT YET.

Don't think because, while the Bubonic plague was epidemic, the officers of the Board of Health directed almost all their precautions against it, that they, therefore, recommend small-pox, consumption and diphtheria! Don't think because we aimed all our shafts at the freakish modern dances during the time that there was a universal mania for introducing the ethics of the cattle pen into the ball room, that therefore we recommend the waltz, schottish, and kindred round dances! By no means! The abuse of the waltz does not descend into the deeper depths reached by the abuse of the Tango. But hell is still hell whether deep or deeper. Habitual waltzers know in their heart that, at least fifty times out of a hundred, the "poetry of motion" is subordinated to the unholy pleasure derived from a sinful embrace. "Oh, Father, I would not dream of dancing the hesitation or maxixe; I dance only the waltz; am I not a little saint?" "Not yet."

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was a pure, care-free child bubbling over with innocent joy that burst into the room and threw its arms about its mother's neck. The mother returned the embrace, then she drew back the glossy curls from the cheeks of her child and kissed it again and again. How she loves it! But listen—she raises her head for a moment and speaks to the other occupants of the room—only seven little words—the child does not understand them—they mean, “I condemn this child to torture and death.”

This incident is not fiction, it is a fact. The fact is repeated scores of times here in our own land during this decisive month of August. Mothers—hypocrites who pretend to love their child—misuse the power God has given them to pass death sentence upon it. The words they pronounce, (their true significance is unintelligible to the child) mean, “As far as in me lies, I condemn this, my child, to hell and to the everlasting tortures of the damned.” The seven words by which they pronounce this sentence are, ‘*She shall go to the public school*—though there is, or, if I did my duty, there would be, a Catholic school within easy reach, though I make no extraordinary efforts in the home to correct the false ideas she has imbibed from Godless teaching, and to give her instead solid and thorough instructions in the faith, though I know that Almighty God will not send extraordinary help to supply for a Catholic education after we have wilfully rejected the Catholic education which He placed within our grasp, nevertheless—*she shall go to the public school*’.

STAGGERING BLOWS DEALT TO THE MENACE.

The *Menace*, and other such purveyors to the weirdly bigoted and morbidly obscene, are receiving staggering blows which will either kill them outright or at least reduce them to pitiable ineffectiveness.

How is this? Has their scurrility been exposed? No, that would rather be an advertisement; it is their well-known scurrility that brings in their subscribers. Have they been convicted of falsehood? Time and time again; but it is not that; one sneak can spread more filthy lies than a hundred honest men can disprove. What then are the staggering

blows you speak of? They are many: 1) Some ten million Catholics sacrificed their rest and their pleasure in order to go to Church last Sunday morning and offer to Almighty God the great Sacrifice by which alone His Name is fittingly honored, and those same Catholics have prayed to their Father in heaven every night and morning since; 2) Catholics have such a reputation for honesty that even Jews and atheists prefer to confide their offices of trust to practical Catholics; 3) Catholic men, who live up to their religion and often approach the sacraments, respect their own bodies as temples of the Holy Ghost and protect the purity of womanhood; 4) The vast majority of Catholic girls and women show by conduct, look, speech, dress, and amusements, that they are pure in mind and heart; 5) Those alarmingly frequent unions, which modern civil law calls remarriage after divorce, but which the Son of God called adultery, are unknown among Catholics; 6) The majority of Catholic husbands and wives do not commit the daily-increasing sin of murdering their own children or of limiting the number of their offspring by unnatural crimes.

These are a few of the living proofs of the divinity of the Catholic Church which the *Menace* and its ilk can never refute.

DRIVEN FROM THE COMMUNION RAIL.

During this summer many a maiden has stifled the repugnance resultant from her Catholic training and has made her first appearance (or exposure) before the public in an immodest gown. She has stifled this repugnance, aye, murdered it, buried it, and laid its ghost. So brazen has she already become that she enters the house of God, even dares to approach the Communion rail, in a garb fit only for her sleeping chamber. She knows that she is—in fact she wishes to be—a source of degrading temptation to many in the congregation, even while going to the altar to receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Such sacrilegious behaviour makes the kiss of Judas look like an act of reverence.

The law of the Church requires the Priest to drive persons immodestly dressed from the altar rail without Communion. Out of pity for the weak mentality of these creatures, many of our Priests hesitate to apply the law in all its strictness. Misplaced pity! For malignant growths the only true pity is the surgeon's knife.

	Catholic Events	
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America has been lavish in erecting monuments to noble men and women. The Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H. are now setting on foot a movement to have a national monument erected to "The Nuns of the Battlefield".

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The latest statistics for the Church in China show 1,509,944 Catholics, 51 Bishops, and 2,167 Priests.

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A Protestant missionary has been entertaining the Philipinos with a picture show in which he exhibited a series of pictures which he called, "The Pope and His Wives." This man has received public marks of honor from the Governor-General who is sent from America to rule the islands.

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The latest development of the militant suffrage mania in England is the invasion of Catholic churches during services.

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Secretary Bryan says: "My father was a Baptist; my mother was a Methodist but later affiliated with the Baptist church. I became a Presbyterian. My oldest child is an Episcopalian, my second oldest a Methodist, my third a Congregationalist.

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Through a beautiful letter of Cardinal Merry de Val the Holy Father Blesses all the Catholic societies united in the war against alcoholism, and "prays God to fructify the zeal they are displaying against the terrible scourge which is the enemy of men's bodies and souls and which brings in its train so many miseries physical and moral."

* * *

On Tuesday, June 2, the Holy Father celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. Congratulations poured in from all parts of the world by letter, post, and cable. May he long be spared to rule the Church of God! In an audience granted to Bishop Lenihan, the venerable Father of the Faithful said, "Tell the Americans that the Pope loves them all; the further they are from him the nearer they are to his heart."

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Paul Beaumont in the *Catholic Bulletin*, gives the exact state of the Church in the Panama Canal zone. The entire zone is under the care of the Vincentian Fathers who live together at Empire and attend the various stations from there. Their congregations consist of whites, blacks, and Indians, both pure and in every shade of mixture. They have club rooms which are well attended by Catholic young men. While the canal was being dug, the U. S. Government gave \$100 a month to every missionary working in the zone. There were twelve

Protestant missionaries there at the time. The payment was stopped Jan., 1914, and ten of the Protestant missionaries have sought "pastures new".

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That the lowly as well as the great and mighty are at home in the Catholic Church was shown once more on June 14, when the Street Cleaners of New York City, clothed in the uniform of their craft, marched in procession to the church of St. Anthony of Padua and there held a memorial service for the deceased members of their organization.

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Through the combined efforts of six young women a much needed church is being built at Mount Ida, Virginia.

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The officers, cadets and seamen from the battleships Missouri, Idaho, and Illinois, were received by the Holy Father in a special audience July 1.

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The eleventh annual convention of the Catholic Educational Association, which took place at Atlantic City during the last day of June and the beginning of July, was in every way a success. There are now 1,742 members in the Association, including, besides individuals, 15 seminaries, 85 colleges for men and 6 for women, and 54 academies.

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The people of St. Joseph's parish, Worcester, Mass., presented their Pastor with a \$3,400 purse on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The Priest added to it \$3,475 from his own savings and returned it to the parish to pay for a parochial school.

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Rev. Mr. Morton, a Trinity College graduate of Victoria Park, makes the twenty-seventh Anglican Clergyman to be converted to the Catholic Faith within the last fifteen months.

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On account of failing health the Right Rev. James Trobec, Bishop of St. Cloud, Minnesota, has tendered his resignation. The Holy See has accepted.

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The Catholics of Belgium are building a great national basilica to the Sacred Heart in thanksgiving for the graces showered upon their country during its seventy-five years of independence.

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The custom of inviting or permitting Masonic lodges to lay the corner-stones of public buildings is altogether too common. The *New Jersey Monitor* has thought of a good cure for the ailment: "We hope that some local postmaster who is a Knight of Columbus, and whose privilege it will be to inaugurate a new postoffice, will take it into his head to have the Knights of Columbus lay the corner-stone.

We are sure that a mighty howl wil go up, and then perhaps a proper and democratic form of ceremonial will be undertaken and introduced for the future."

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It is stated that the divorce courts of Chicago have made over one hundred thousand legal orphans within the last twenty years. It will require philanthropic institutions not a few to counterbalance that record.

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On April 23, the Holy Father granted rich indulgences to pious associations that encourage the reading every day or frequently of the Holy Gospels from editions approved by the Church and enriched with numerous and lucid notes.

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All reports from Mexico, except those published in certain partisan and lying papers, tell that Villa and his men continue their work of butchering prisoners, blackmailing honest citizens, and outraging pure women. And these are called the supporters of freedom and humanity!

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A recent edition of the Joliet Prison Post contains a high tribute to the Catholic Chaplain of the State Penitentiary of Illinois.

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One Archbishop, five Bishops, two Monsignori, eighty Priests, and a mighty concourse of people assisted at the installation of Right Reverend Augustine F. Shinner as first Bishop of Spokane.

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The International Eucharistic Congress, which will be held this year at Lourdes from July 22 to July 26, promises to surpass all its predecessors. One hundred and seventy Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops have already announced their intention of attending it.

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The fourth session of the Teachers' College of the Catholic University of America opened Sunday, June 28. Over 400 students were enrolled. Several of these are Catholic lay teachers, but the majority are Sisters from the leading teaching Sisterhoods of the country. This institution gives the Catholic University at Washington a chance to extend its influence to the parochial schools throughout the land. Two years ago the conditions were announced under which high schools and colleges could become affiliated with the University. Seventy-two have already availed themselves of the privilege.

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In regard to the suit about the property of the deceased Benedictine, Father Wirth, the Circuit Court declared that the vow of poverty was against public policy and therefore void before the law. This decision has been reversed by the United States Supreme Court.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

I made an act of contrition after I had examined my conscience but I had to wait for my turn to go to confession and so forgot to renew my act of contrition while receiving absolution. Were my sins forgiven?

Your sins were surely forgiven. To receive the sacrament of Penance worthily the act of contrition and the purpose of amendment may be made before you enter the confessional. It is always better to do so.

What is the difference between an apostate and a heretic?

An apostate is a person who at one time was a Catholic but later on renounced the faith and became a heretic, a rationalist, an infidel, or an atheist. A heretic is a person who holds a part of the faith and claims to be a Christian. A person who abandons the true faith and joins one of the Protestant churches is both an apostate and a heretic. A Protestant who never was a Catholic would be an example of one who is a heretic but not an apostate. A person who would give up the true faith without embracing any other would be an apostate but not a heretic. A person born and raised as an infidel would be neither apostate nor heretic.

I am an invalid and our pastor is a busy man. May I confess my sins to him over the telephone and save him that much time when he brings me Holy Communion?

Would you not save more time by confessing your sins when your pastor comes to your home? You would then lose no time in beginning and be apt to understand better. Besides, the validity of an absolution given over the telephone is doubtful. The penitent must be morally present for the priest to absolve him. The Church has not yet decided that the telephone makes the penitent morally present for absolution. Hence, as we always want to be on the safe side in the reception and administration of the sacraments, we should not make use of the telephone for sacramental confessions except in extreme necessity.

How can Catholics call Mary "ever

virgin" when she was the mother of Jesus?

By her own confession, "I know not man," Mary was a virgin when Gabriel saluted her as "blessed among women." She did not lose her virginity in the conception or in the birth of Jesus, for both were miraculous. And as Mary knew not man to the end of her earthly pilgrimage, she is a virgin still, the Virgin of virgins, blessed among all women.

Is it sufficient to recite prayers mentally to gain the indulgences attached to them?

Besides being in the state of grace and having the intention of gaining an indulgence we must comply exactly with the conditions prescribed by the Church. Hence, when there is a question of gaining the indulgences attached to "oral prayers" these prayers must be recited orally.

Does the use of tobacco break the fast prescribed before receiving Holy Communion?

As tobacco is evidently not used as food or drink it ordinarily does not break the fast prescribed by the Church before receiving Holy Communion. Still, the reverence which every Catholic should have for the Blessed Sacrament, should prompt him not to use tobacco without necessity on the morning he intends to receive Communion devoutly.

Must I believe in all the miracles I read about?

That depends in a great measure on the scope of your reading. A miracle is a suspension of a law of nature effected by God in testimony of the True Religion. If you confine your reading to the Bible, you must accept with divine faith, the miracles recorded there. If you refer to the well authenticated miracles that are wrought at the various shrines of Christendom and that have been declared genuine by competent men, you manifest both pride and selfwill in not accepting their authority. Finally, if you are reading fairy tales, legends, or the groundless and sensational reports in the daily papers you would be considered child-

ish if you blindly accepted all of them. I may remark in conclusion that your letter is wanting in Catholic tone. It would be well if you endeavored to acquire a Catholic instinct by avoiding whatever may be detrimental to your faith and by cultivating that faith with serious application and humble prayer.

How long after death can one be anointed?

In considering the departure of a soul into eternity we must distinguish between apparent and real death. Apparent death may set in before the soul has left the body. Now, as long as the soul has not left the body it may profit by Extreme Unction. Hence holy Church, as the agent of God's mercy, directs her priests to anoint the dying, at least conditionally, as long as it is not evident that real death has already taken place.

1. *Must the prayers for the intention of the Holy Father, which are prescribed to gain the plenary indulgence after receiving Holy Communion be said in the church?*

2. *Are Confession and Communion necessary to gain a plenary indulgence attached to the recitation of a certain prayer for a month?*

3. *Does a weekly confession suffice to gain the plenary indulgence granted to those who communicate on feast days that occur during the week?*

4. *How can I gain all the indulgences of the Five Scapulars?*

1. Besides being free from mortal sin and actual attachment for any sin we must comply exactly with the conditions of the Church in granting a plenary indulgence in order to gain it. Now, the wording of the decree granting a plenary indulgence to all who pray for the intention of the Holy Father after communicating on certain days does not always state that these prayers must be said in the church or oratory where Communion was received, but it does imply a moral union between the reception of Holy Communion and the prescribed prayers. Hence, it seems that a communicant, who is obliged to leave the church after a short thanksgiving, fulfills the requirements of the decree by reciting the prescribed prayers while returning from church. But where the indulgent, granting the indulgence, prescribes that the prayers be said while making a visit to a church or public oratory, it

is essential to say the prayers as prescribed. In this case the visit may be made and the prayers said at another time of the day.

2. Confession and Communion are usually prescribed to gain the plenary indulgence attached to the recitation of certain prayers for a week, or for a month.

3. As long as daily communicants avoid mortal sin they may now gain all the plenary indulgences, except the jubilee indulgences, without sacramental confession.

4. Besides being an unsalutary strain on the mind, the striving to gain all the numerous indulgences attached to various pious practices is a species of gluttony not to be recommended to the faithful. Holy Church is most generous in granting indulgences to bring them within the reach of all her children, but she never intends that one person should gain them all. She does insist on faith and good works as essential to sanctification for all, and she urges her members to the faithful discharge of the duties of each one's state in life. And, to encourage us to be steadfast in our piety and devotion she enriches all Catholic practices with indulgences. Hence, as long as we are faithful in the discharge of our duties, use of the means of grace, and have the intention of gaining the indulgences we can, we make progress in solid virtue. On the other hand if we settle down to a systematic indulgence hunt, we are apt, on account of our limited energy, to overlook the essential in the pursuit of the accidental.

However, on frequent communicants who wear the Five Scapulars, we would urge, as a part of their thanksgiving after Communion, the practice of saying six times the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Glory be to the Father in honor of the Blessed Trinity and of the Blessed Virgin, and for the welfare of the universal Church. For, to all who wear the Blue Scapular, which is one of the Five, and say these prayers Holy Church grants "toties quoties" all the indulgences of the Portiuncula, of Jerusalem, of St. James Compostella, and the seven principal churches of Rome—the richest indulgent ever granted by the Church to any pious practice and a practice suited to every Catholic.

	Some Good Books	
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Socialism: Promise or Menace? is a debate between Rev. Father John A. Ryan, D. D., and Mr. Morris Hillquit. It is a clear exposition of the free assumptions, good and bad, of Socialism and a well argued defense of a Catholic position towards Socialism. Mr. Hillquit is a recognized leader in the Socialist party though some of his strictures are repudiated by a few Socialists. Father Ryan is a Priest of St. Paul, Minn., and a sound scholar on social subjects. Naturally in a debate wherein his opponent was waiting, not always for a loophole in teaching, but even for a loose use of language, Dr. Ryan argues closely and his writing thus requires diligent reading. The book is put out by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

A new movement has originated in England that cannot be too highly praised. The Catholic Guild of St. Luke, St. Cosmas and St. Damien is putting out a distinctly Catholic Medical Journal called the Gazette. No profession more than the medical demands that its ethics be the ethics of Jesus, and no medium is better suited to inculcate those ethics than a strictly Catholic magazine.

There are a few novels lately published worthy of note. Mary E. Manix has added to her list of most interesting stories, *In Quest of Adventure*. The same good qualities which make her books so loved by the young are found in this volume also. Benziger Bros. Price, 50c. John Ayscough has also added to his list of novels, *Monksbridge*. Though considerably lighter than what he has so far written it contains the author's characteristics. (Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.35.) *Derfel the Strong*, by Mary A. Gray, is an historical novel of the times of Henry VIII. With the exception of Lady Alison and Robert Lyste, who are fictions, the characters were prominent in the religious persecution of that time. (Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.35.)

Lovers of Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help can find an excellent book to suit their devotion in the

second edition of *Our Lady of Perpetual Succor and Ireland*, by Rev. John B. Coyle, C. Ss. R. The first part of the book tells the story of the miraculous picture of our Lady. The remaining three parts are taken up with devotions and pious practices in honor of our Lady. For lovers of Irish Fr. Coyle has accompanied the English with an Irish text or perhaps vice versa. It is published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

"The Peacock Feather," by Leslie Moore is a very welcome addition to our Catholic romances. The peculiar charm of the hero and heroine will not be missed by the reader. The true Catholic sentiments displayed toward the close of the story in no way detract from the interest and in every way makes it more commendable to our readers. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

The Church suffers most from those who know her least. An appeal to fair minded, though uninformed people, is made the four vigorous lectures of Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, put in pamphlet form and titled *"Give us a Hearing."*

The topics chosen by the bishop are timely and telling and contain a rare amount of information. The titles of the lectures are: 1. The Catholic Church and Morality. 2. The Celibacy of the Priesthood. 3. The Truth about Converts. 4. The Church and Civil Liberty. The pamphlet is published by the Toledo Record Co., 217 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio. Price, 8 cents.

"Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism," by H. C. Day, S. J., is a book treating a topic too little known or understood by our Catholic laymen. Yet too much cannot be said on the subject to urge Catholics to their duty. After the encyclicals of Leo XIII of holy memory and our present Pontiff Pius X Catholics are no longer allowed to remain indifferent to this movement. It is accordingly an obligation on them to keep themselves properly informed. The book has a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne and is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.80.

	Lucid Intervals	
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Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and cried:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."

Two doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was reopened, the sponge found within and the man sewed up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened and closed.

"Gentlemen," said the victim, as they were about to close him up for the second time, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me."

"I believe," said the minister, with a twinkle in his eye, "that the saying that 'children and fools tell the truth' is true. The other day my wife and I were invited out to dinner. The children of the family were so remarkably well-behaved that my wife remarked:

"What lovely, well-behaved children yours are, Mrs. Brown!"

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown beamed at this approval of their offspring, when up piped little Mary: 'Well, pa said that if we didn't behave he'd knock our blocks off; didn't you, pa?'"

Smith is a young New York lawyer, clever in many ways, but very forgetful. He was recently sent to St. Louis to interview an important client in regard to a case then pending in the Missouri courts. Later the head of his firm received this telegram from St. Louis:

"Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

This was the reply sent from New York:

"Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."

A passenger on a New York-Cleveland sleeper, on awakening in the morning, found under his berth one black shoe and one brown one. He called the porter and directed his attention to the error. The porter scratched his head in utter bewilderment.

"Well," said the exasperated passenger, "what's the matter?"

"Now, if dat don't beat all!" exclaimed the porter. "Dat's de second time dis mornin' dat dat mistake's happened."

"You naughty, cruel boy!" said the very fashionably-dressed young woman, who was taking a stroll in the park, to the urchin whom she found despoiling a bird's nest. "How can you be so heartless as to take those eggs? Think of the poor mother-bird when she comes back and —"

"That's all right, miss," interrupted the boy; "the mother-bird is dead."

The young woman's expression reflected disbelief. "How do you know?" she asked sharply.

"'Cause I see its feathers on your hat," was the reply.

Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, has a favorite story of a bright eight-year-old boy, a clergyman's son. One day, when Mr. Tumulty was dining with the family, he said to the boy: "Look here, William, I have a question I want to ask you about your father. I want to know if he doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes."

"Yes, sir, I think he does," answered the boy, "but the second time he always hollers in different places from what he did the first time."

"Why do they say, 'As smart as a steel trap?'" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but in the circumstances it would have seemed unfitting.